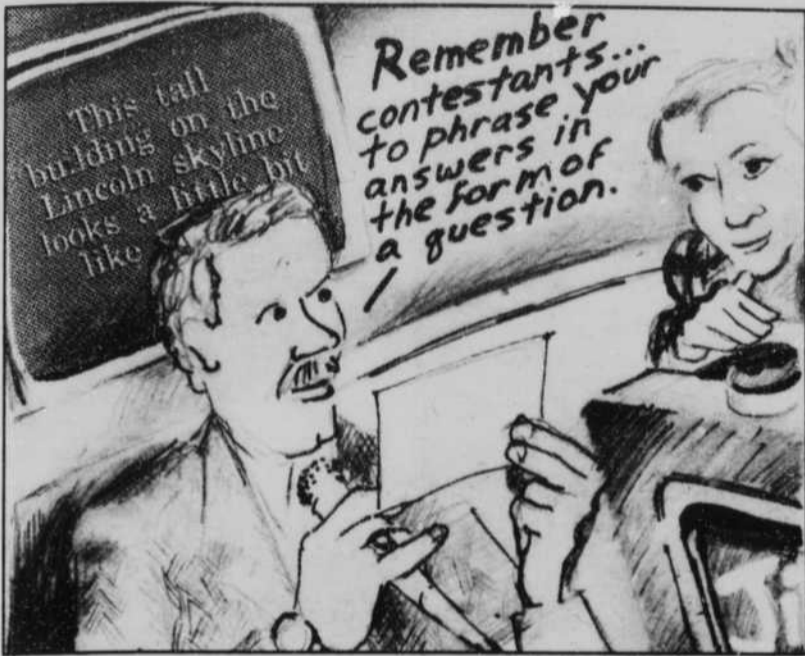


'Jeopardy' makes contestant a richer man



Andy Manhart/Daily Nebraskan

By Jim Hanna
Staff Reporter

The day came when I was simply fed up. I had watched the TV game show "Jeopardy" for several seasons, and I had yet to lose when I played along at home. I always was quicker and smarter than the zeros on television, and I finally decided that it was time I got on the show and earned a gob of money for my college education. Without giving a thought to the school I would miss or the money it would cost, I hopped a plane for Los Angeles. I found my way to the "Jeopardy" studios and, conveniently enough, they just were beginning to tape that week's episodes. I knew it would take some doing, but I wanted to get on the show that very day. I realized that they probably had their contestants for today's taping, but I was certain that once I showed them how smart I was, they'd

bump some sorry sap to make room for me. I strolled up to a security thug standing between me and the studio. "Look ape-man, if you know what's good for you," I said. "You'll get Alex Trebek out here pronto." "I'm sorry, sir," he said dumbly.



Jim Hanna

"Mr. Trebek is about to begin taping. If you'd like to leave a message..." A well-placed, destructo nerve pinch to the base of his spine reduced the guard to a jiggling heap on the floor. "Listen, buddy," I said calmly. "I intend to be on the show today."

If'n you know what's good for you, you'll get Alex out here right away." "But..." he whimpered. "They already have today's contestants. There's no way for you to get on..." He was cut off by a frantic scream from the studio. Suddenly, Alex Trebek ran into the hall screaming and pulling huge tufts of his hair from his head. "One of our contestants has taken ill! He passed out! He can't go on! We have to begin taping immediately, but we only have two contestants! Oh woe!" he screamed. I seized the moment. "Hello, Mr. Trebek. My name is Jim Hanna, and I am perhaps the smartest human on earth. Maybe I could fill in for the ill contestant." He paused thoughtfully. "Are you the guy who writes Jim's Journal?" He asked. "No!" I said. "I had nothing to do

See HANNA on 11

Eat's musical creativity not difficult to swallow

By Brian Meves
Staff Reporter

Eat
"Sell Me A God"
Polygram

"Eat" is a plain and simple word, but not a plain and simple band. On Eat's album "Sell Me A God," it is hard to decipher what these guys are all about. "Interesting" is a good adjective for the work initially, but things eventually get musically innovative and lyrically weird. The album is almost as odd as the

album cover, which is a cluttered display of old paraphernalia. At times, Eat sounds like a distorted alternative group that borrowed voice-enhancing methods from the Butthole Surfers. At other times they resemble a toe-tapping, roof-raising, country-western band. "Sell Me A God" uses a variety of different instruments and electronically-produced sounds. Each song is distinctly different from the next, so listeners always will be on the edge of listening pleasure. The best song, "Tombstone," sends the album off on its wave of enjoy-

ment with a crisp guitar line that follows throughout the song. The vocals are very clear with unique, rhyming



lyrics. However, the drummer relies on his cymbal too much, which, in time, could cause a headache.

The song is far better than the pizza of the same name. "Electric City," starts off and ends with a UFO-like sound and then blasts off into orbit. It has a fast, country-western, guitar-driven sound, which gradually dies out toward the end. The following song, "Fatman," is musically laid back and interesting. But strangely enough, the whole song revolves around the idea of a fat man doing the shimmy. "Stories" is filled with a guitar-fury sound with funny, voice-enhanced lyrics: "Told me I'd be smarter by feed-

ing me Uranium/Now my brain's so big I've got stretch marks on my cranium." The next song, "Skin," is, oddly enough, all about skin. "Skin" begins with an interesting noise that sounds like the band took time off to retune its guitars. In the song, the vocalist poses a question that everyone should think about: "If you gonna take off your clothes/ Where you gonna put your wallet/ 'Cus your skin ain't got no tailored pockets." See EAT on 10

Film touches, does justice to sanctity of friendship

By John Payne
Staff Reporter

When we're all dead and gone, personal friendships are what will have given our lives sustenance. "Driving Miss Daisy," a touching new movie based on the Alfred Uhry play, does justice to the sanctity of



friendship. It explores the 25-year relationship of two seemingly different, yet quite similar, people. It is about the ebb and flow of friendship, about how people grow on one another -- AND has "Oscar" written all over it. Morgan Freeman, one of the busiest actors around, gives an endearing performance as Hoke, a retired cotton mill worker who is hired to chauffeur Miss Daisy Werthan (Jessica Tandy), an elderly Jewish woman in 1953 Atlanta, Ga. At the start of the film, her son Bollie (Dan Aykroyd) worries increasingly about his mother's ability to drive. When she finally has an accident, he decides to hire someone to drive her around. Miss Daisy is stubborn and resists the idea that she needs anyone to do her driving for her -- just convincing her takes weeks. Yet, over time, Miss Daisy comes to rely on Hoke, not only as a driver, but as a companion. A good deal of "Driving Miss Daisy" takes place inside moving automobiles, and the dialogue between Miss Daisy and Hoke in the cars is what makes this such a truly special film. They discuss everything from childhood memories to civil rights to religion. Almost nothing is off limits, and both are intrigued by the thoughts and opinions of the other: This is wonderful writing and

Freeman and Tandy are right up there with it. Their acting never seems forced, always understated. They work off each other in a complementary fashion, just like real people. The chemistry between Freeman and Tandy is just one aspect of "Driving Miss Daisy" that makes it a must-see. It would not be surprising if Oscar considerations are given to the movie's set decorations and to its costume coordinator, Elizabeth McBride. Few films have such a great sense of time and location. Miss Daisy's gleaming new cars, Cadillacs mostly, are really characters in themselves. They are as beautiful to look at as this movie is to experience. But "Driving Miss Daisy" gets down to some thought-provoking issues as well. You have to respect that. Director Bruce Beresford could have relied safely on cute one-liners to carry the movie. Instead, he addresses important social issues. For instance, in the mid-'60s when the civil rights protests are heating up in the United States, Miss Daisy, a big fan of Martin Luther King, Jr., decides to attend one of the reverend's speeches in downtown Atlanta. She knows Hoke would like to go with her but feels he would be out of place among the exclusively white audience. On the way to the speech she remarks to Hoke: "I think it's wonderful the way things are changing." But the audience, like Hoke, knows that things aren't changing very much. The truly superb accomplishment of this movie is that it tells an epic story in very personal terms -- how two human beings change as our nation changes. Morgan Freeman is a great actor who only can get better. Viewers are sure to hear his name again this spring. "Driving Miss Daisy" is playing at the Stuart Theatre, 13th and P streets.



The Dynatones

Courtesy of the Zoo Bar

Dynatones to bring their acclaimed mix of rock and soul to Zoo Bar

By Matt Burton
Senior Reporter

The Dynatones, considered by many to be one of the hardest working bands in show business,



will play Wednesday and Thursday at the Zoo Bar, 136 N. 14th St. Bringing with them a widely acclaimed live show, complete with choreographed stage kicks and other dance moves, the Dynatones play a good dose of rock and soul. In order to achieve such a hard-working reputation, The Dynatones play an average of 250 nights a year. The Dynatones have been a

member of the Miller Genuine Draft Band Network for four years, longer than any other band. Geographically, the Dynatones have no common home. Chip "C.C." Miller on vocals originates from Miami; Tony Perez-Banuet, who plays the sax, is from Detroit; Larry Dunn from Casper, Wyo. plays guitar; Big Walter Salwitz on the "drums of thunder" is from Toledo, Ohio; Randy McDonald from San Diego plays bass; and Parris Bertolucci from San Francisco is on keyboards. The Dynatones made their major-label album debut in 1988 with "Shameless" on Warner Brothers Records. The album contained guest appearances by Kim Wilson, lead singer for the Fabulous Thunderbirds; and Steve Cropper, best known for his guitar work with Otis Red-

ding and the Blues Brothers. According to the Tulsa (Okla.) Tribune, this "first-class bar band makes a sensational major-label debut that jumps out of the grooves. It blisters with rocking Memphis soul in the best Stax/Volt tradition..." In addition to playing extensively coast-to-coast, the Dynatones "Take the Heat" video has recently received air play on MTV. The San Antonio (Texas) Express News called them "a high-stepping, sharp-dressing, sweat-inducing, rock 'n' roll, rhythm and blues band... (They) can play with the best, unveil tough, original tunes, ignite dance crowds across the country and put on the kind of show that makes you glad you paid the cover."